

## THE ARIZONA MINER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. BUTLER.

The first number of the WEEKLY MINER was issued on March 9, 1864, and in this, its thirteenth year, it can with truth, claim to be the oldest, and best newspaper in the Territory.

**Subscription Rates.**  
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 Six Months, 4.00  
 Three Months, 2.50  
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Persons sending in money for subscription, advertising or job work, may forward it by mail, or otherwise, at their own risk.  
 Legal Tender Notes taken at par in payment for subscription, advertising and job work.  
 TERMS.—In advance invariably.

## AGENTS FOR THE MINER.

San Francisco—Chas. W. Crane, 426 Montgomery street.  
 New York—W. H. Farris, 301 North 23d street.  
 ANTONIA.  
 Fresno—James Abegg.  
 Ehrenburg—A. Frank.  
 Wickenburg—C. & A. Stage Co.  
 Hordville—Jas. P. Bell.  
 Wallapai Mining District—Cory & Potts, Cerbat.  
 Phoenix—J. T. Alsop.  
 Fort Phoenix—W. H. Bellings & Co.  
 Florence—Jas. Collingwood.  
 Tucson—J. S. Mansfield.  
 Address all orders and letters to  
 "THE MINER," Prescott, Arizona.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**J. P. HARGRAVE,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
 Office East side of Plaza, Prescott.

**H. H. CARTER,**  
 Probate Judge, Justice of the Peace  
 And Conveyancer—County Building.

**JOHN HOWARD,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
 Office South Montezuma St. Prescott.

**J. GOLDWATER & BRO.,**  
 WHOLESALE DEALERS,  
 Forwarding and Commission Merchants.  
 Ehrenburg, Arizona Territory.

**WILLIAM JENNINGS,**  
 NIGHT WATCHMAN.  
 Attends to Calls at all Hours.

**PAUL WEBER,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law  
 and Notary Public,  
 Mineral Park, Mohave County, A. T.

**H. N. ALEXANDER,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 Yuma, Arizona Territory.  
 Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

**J. N. McCANDLESS,**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
 East side of Montezuma St. bet. Gurley &  
 Willis 3 doors north of Head & Co.'s

**J. C. OTIS,**  
 Coroner, Public Administrator,  
 and Justice of the Peace.  
 One Door North of Kelly & Stephens'.

**MURAT MASTERSON,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 Office Row, Prescott.

**WILL D. SOUTHWORTH,**  
 (Late of W. G. & M. M. Brien, Jr., Nashville, Tenn.),  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
 Prescott, Arizona Territory.

**JOHN A. HUSH,** ED. W. WELLS,  
 Notary Public.

**RUSH & WELLS,**  
 ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
 Prescott, Yavapai County, Arizona.  
 Will attend to all civil business entrusted to them in the several Courts of Record in the Territory. Abstracts of title to Mining Claims and Heirs' rights accurately prepared. Prompt attention given to collections.

**L. A. BERTELING,**  
 Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,  
 Montezuma St. South of Goodwin.  
 All work warranted. del7m2

Persons who desire the Professional Services of  
**DR. WARREN E. DAY,**  
 CAN FIND HIM AT HIS OFFICE ON MONTEZUMA STREET between Frederick & Heenan's Tin Shop and Ruggles & Drew's store.

**"CABINET,"**  
 Montezuma St., Prescott.  
**D. C. THORNE.**  
 Cash Paid for Valuable Specimens.

**W. H. WILLISCRAFT,**  
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER  
 ON THE STREET LEADING FROM  
 Prescott to Fort Whipple.

**H. MORGAN & CO.**  
 PHOENIX AND MORGAN'S FERRY  
 Maricopa County, Arizona Territory,  
 DEALERS IN  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**  
 Our Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits.

**PRESCOTT MEAT MARKET,**  
 NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE PLAZA  
 We are now prepared to furnish the people of Prescott and vicinity with excellent Beef, Mutton, etc., wholesale and retail, at fair, living prices.  
 C. T. ROGERS & CO.  
 Prescott, July 9, 1876

## PRESCOTT.

**WM. M. BUFFUM**

Still Occupies the Old Stand, West Side of the Plaza.

Prescott, Arizona.

And is in receipt of a Large Invoice of

**New and Desirable Goods,**

With others Ordered and on the Way.

His customers and the public generally can there find as heretofore, anything they may need in the way of

**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,**

**Staple & Fancy Dry Goods**

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S**

**FURNISHING GOODS,**

**CLOTHING**

**MENS AND BOYS HATS**

**Boots and Shoes,**

**PERFUMERY & TOILET ARTICLES**

**PATENT MEDICINES,**

**HARDWARE, TIN & WOODENWARE**

**CROCKERY, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE**

**PAPER HANGINGS, LAMPS, CLOCKS,**

**Mining and Farming Tools,**

Together with many other things, which will not be mentioned. GIVE HIM A CALL.  
 Prescott, June 17, 1875.

CHAS. T. HAYDEN, HAZEKIAH BROOKS,  
 Hayden's Ferry, Prescott,  
 Maricopa County, A. T. Yavapai County, A. T.

**CHAS. T. HAYDEN & CO.,**

DEALERS IN

**EVERY VARIETY OF MERCHANDISE.**

Have constantly on hand that superior brand

**"FAMILY FLOUR,"**

From the Hayden Mills, also

**Superfine Flour,**

**Graham Flour,**

**and Cracked Wheat.**

Are now receiving a large assortment of

**MERCHANDISE,**

Direct from New York,

**FOR SALE LOW FOR CASH.**

CHAS. T. HAYDEN & CO.  
 Prescott, September 10, 1875.

WM. N. KELLY, V. A. STEPHENS

**KELLY & STEPHENS,**

**NEWS AGENTS**

And Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Boots, Shoes, Hosiery,**

**GENTS' UNDERWEAR,**

**Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery**

**STATIONERY,**

**Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions,**

**Fixed Ammunition,**

**Guns, Pistols, Cutlery,**

**Buck Gloves, Figs, Dates,**

**Nuts, Toys, and Watches,**

**Musical Instruments,**

**GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.**

Cor. Montezuma and Gurley Streets, Prescott, A. T.

**BENJ. H. WEAVER,**

Montezuma St. Opposite Dan Hatz's New Building.

Is prepared to furnish Miners, Farmers and everybody else with

**MINING IMPLEMENTS,**

**Flour, Bacon,**

**Sugar, Tea, and Coffee,**

**SOAP, CANDLES,**

**SPICES, CANNED GOODS**

Of all kinds, and a general assortment of

**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.**

Goods Delivered Free of Charge anywhere within the Village limits.

Country Produce bought at living rates.

**FURNITURE!!**

**READY MADE, MADE TO ORDER,**

## RIO VIRGIN SALT MINES, ETC.

MINERAL PARK, A. T., April 1, 1876.

EDITOR MINER:—Desiring to give the

readers of the MINER full and complete information respecting the immense salt deposit on the Virgin river in Nevada, some

80 to 100 miles North of here, two weeks since I started for that locality to examine

the same, and returned from my long and tiresome journey last evening, and now send you a brief account of my trip, and of what I saw.

The route from Mineral Park is up, or rather down the great Sacramento Valley to the North to Stone's ferry, 70 miles distant.

Six miles north is Chloride mining camp, heretofore described in a former article, thence 12 miles to Quail Springs Ranch, owned by Fred Nobmann, who is building

up by perseverance and industry a fine and prosperous home. He is now busy putting out fruit trees. He has a herd of 200 cattle, 35 being milch cows, besides horses, mules, goats, etc. To Mr. Nobmann and his excellent wife I am under great obligations for kindness and attention.

From Quail Springs it is 10 miles to Mountain Springs, a small spring one mile from the road; thence to the Colorado river is 42 miles across what is known as the "Desert." The lower portions of which for 20 miles or more is a sand wash with hardly a bunch of grass growing within sight of the road. During the heat of summer it is very difficult and dangerous in crossing the Desert, and quite a number have lost their lives by heat and thirst, some of whose graves I saw. The Colorado river at Stone's ferry is 750 feet wide and from 10 to 50 feet deep at low water; elevation, 1,250 feet, being 3,200 feet less than Mineral Park, which is 4,400.

The ferry is now owned by R. Patterson, but is leased and run by Messrs. Emory and Schwarz, who are leading a hard, but I hope a prosperous life.

The salt formation, so far as opened, commences on the Virgin river some six miles above its junction with the Colorado, a mile above the ferry. The Virgin is a muddy and swift running stream, coming from the North, and is about 150 feet wide with a depth of about one foot. The salt formation is in fact mountains of salt; and the salt is blasted out, like blasting solid quarries of stone. The first openings are 6 and 7 miles up the Virgin from the Colorado, and another 12 miles up. These three are of the dark-gray variety, which is 92 per cent. pure salt. There are small strata of the pure white crystallized in these three deposits. At 20 miles up the Virgin is the mountain of pure, white, crystallized salt, white as the driven snow, almost transparent, and perfectly pure. The salt is immense in extent and apparently inexhaustible. It is known to extend for 30 miles or more on the Virgin and Muddy rivers.

Intimately connected as salt is with mining and the reduction of ores, it is a satisfaction to know that the supply is sufficient for all time to come, not only for Arizona, but for the whole world. The present difficulty is in getting it to market, as the road is a long and tedious one. Mr. Patterson is running teams regularly now to and from the mines, and receives here about \$100 per ton at the Mineral Park mill. Whenever Arizona shall enter upon her career of prosperity, no doubt a railroad will be run to these great salt mountains, connecting with different localities, and thus become a prosperous and extensive business.

The news here is meagre. The mill is running successfully. The C. and A. Stage Company have fitted up a new office next door to Jack Doling's saloon, the affable Mr. Hughes being Agent. Jack D. has newly fitted and prepared his saloon and has lots of customers. The great eating-house is now run by S. W. Wood & Co. which is no April-fool, but a reality.

Yours, truly, H. C. HODGE.

**SMALL BUSINESS.**—During the past year we have received hundreds of postal cards from all over the East asking for sample copies of the MINER, and under the impression that the parties wished either to subscribe or advertise, have promptly complied with all such requests, but are not conscious of ever securing a patron thereby, and yet it never occurred to us that we were being "played" until another publication "dropped in" and exposed the scheme by which unscrupulous news dealers manage for a one-cent postal card to receive a paper which they sell readily for ten cents, or perhaps more in cases where the papers come from the far-off interior, as in our case. It hardly seems possible that anyone could conceive such a system of petty swindling, but it is evidently true, and proves that the "long heads" are on the increase.

**DIDN'T DISINCORPORATE.**—At the special election in Tucson, on March 30th, the vote stood: disincorporation, 43; incorporation, 140. So Tucson don't give up the ship, but is determined to be "somebody" and in case of abuses existing in the Council, to heal the wrong within the organization, and not pull down the whole fabric because there happens to be a leaky shingle in the roof. Tucson has set an example in this matter that Prescott will follow if it comes to the test, for she does not propose to be behind in the race of progress.

That Temple & Workman's bank, lately failing at Los Angeles, was a nice institution. The officers admit their ledgers had not been posted since 1872.

## ROBERT M. FRYER.

[From the Lyon County (Nev.) Times, of March 24.]

The name of this gentleman has almost magically sprung into public notice among us; and without either effort or desire on his part he has become a celebrity on the Pacific coast. It seems but a few weeks only since his name was first mentioned in one of the San Francisco daily papers, and now Fryer and "the Fryer process" are as frequently spoken of on California street as are our "bonanza kings" and the Consolidated Virginia. Yet with all this publicity and prominence nothing has yet been published that has afforded reading people any understanding of either Mr. Fryer or the invention with which his name is now so prominently associated; and as we have had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and have been privileged with the opportunity of studying the process by which he "proposes to reduce refractory ores," we assume that we violate no confidence in writing somewhat freely about both the inventor and the invention.

Mr. Fryer is still a young man, not more than thirty-two years of age, and in a crowd would not be the first to attract the attention of the passer-by; but where there is a personal acquaintance and he can be studied, he carries in his features that he is a thinker and no ordinary man. He has a magnificent forehead, clear, lustrous eyes and an advancing face that indicates, a penetration into everything before him that invites his attention. If he looks at the "Desert," the lower portions of which for 20 miles or more is a sand wash with hardly a bunch of grass growing within sight of the road. During the heat of summer it is very difficult and dangerous in crossing the Desert, and quite a number have lost their lives by heat and thirst, some of whose graves I saw. The Colorado river at Stone's ferry is 750 feet wide and from 10 to 50 feet deep at low water; elevation, 1,250 feet, being 3,200 feet less than Mineral Park, which is 4,400.

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## The Blacksmith's Story.

Well, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;

She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame. It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—

When you hear the circumstance—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;

And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;

But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see no more of her.

A better wife than Mary was, for five bright years to me!

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow

Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.

I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir.

And as for me, I can't begin to tell how dearly I loved her.

Three years ago the baby came, our humble home to bless;

And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness.

'Twas hers—'twas mine. But I have no language to explain to you

How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath,

Dumb with an awful worldless woe, we waited for its death;

And, though I am not a pious man, our souls together there,

For heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy, Clashed in each other's arms, our grateful tears

Together fell.

Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,

But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing.

Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing.

Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my tongue to song,

And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was almighty strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,

And while I was at my work, we passed a compliment or two.

I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot off by

At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You! you!" I gasped, choking with horror.

"If you're a man just follow me; we'll try this way out!"

With dizzy feet I led him to Mary. God! 'twas true!

Then the bitterest pains and misery, unspeakable, I knew!

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,

And from her quivering lips, there broke one wild, despairing moan—

'Twas he! The husband of her youth now risen from the dead,

But all too late—and with the bitter cry her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return

He strove to win, some tidings of his absent wife to learn—

'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd've killed him, too,

So dead, he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary between us should decide.

And each by her decision, would sacredly abide; No sinner at the judgment seat, waiting eternal doom.

Could suffer what I did while waiting sentence in this room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel.

While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in silent appeal.

God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled

Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice when she knelt down and said:

"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not dead!"

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right.

But somehow in my rebelling breast the prisoned words stuck tight!

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